and the same of th

ihr andependent.

OSKALOOSA, KANSAS.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1686

RAILROADS

We must have rationed in himmen

VOLUME 1, and On 18 of mi

dreamily.

But after a while, as he lay there, what a wonderous change came over the place. A great light stone down, the huge black rafters turned to solid gold, and these seemed all studded with tiny, precious, sparkling stones. The broken floor, too, was encrusted with the place and the shild raised broken floor, too, was encrusted with the place and the shild raised upon me, I am thy mother."

A strain of holy music fell faintly there are some varieties, one tree which would fill a small garden which which would fill a small garden which would fill a small garden which which which which would fill a small garden which wh One spot on the wall seemed too bright for his vision to endure, but presently, as if emerging from it came a soft, white figure that stood by the bound boy's bedside.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened, and his heart beat much like the found time to murrant.

The child shut his has beart beat little frightened, and his heart beat much like the found time to murrant.

The child shut his has beart beat little frightened, and his heart beat much like the found time to murrant.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened, and his heart beat much like the found time to murrant.

The child shut his heart beat little frightened, and his heart beat much like the found time to murrant.

The child shut his heart beat little frightened, and his heart beat little frightened, and his heart beat little frightened.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened, and his heart beat little frightened.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened, and his heart beat little frightened.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened, and his heart beat little frightened.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened, and his heart beat little frightened.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened the found time to murrant.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened.

The child shut his eyes; he was a little frightened.

gels to speak with your and tell you to bear all your sorrow patiently, for you will soon be with us."

"What, you my brother Willie? Oh, no, no, that cannot be. My brother was very pale, and his clothes were patched and torn, and there was a hump on his back, and he used to go into the muddy streets and pick up wood and bus of streets and pick up wood and bus of streets and pick up wood and bus of streets. But your face is outle too hand.

The street, but not once did he doubt this beautiful being was his own dear mother.

A little while he kept down his strong feeling; but the thought of the past and the plant stocks can be raised for one or to dollars; and further, you can in the cried, streething forth his hands, "let me come; there is no one years tree on the plant; and therefore they grow to no one.

tablishments. CHEERRY STOCK .- The Massard is the best stock for the standard cherry the northwestern States it will prove too tender; and in that case the Marelle, or "Do all these, and you shall be the child of your Father which is above." how cheering; never would be forget it; that trees grown upon it will grow to se "Even if they beat me?" murmured the little bound boy, with a quivering lip.

A ray of light flashed across the little booked upon him forebore to the little booked upon him any, if not the best, where the

is too tender. pruned for dwarfs in the be they would have been fine, h

Those who have cherry trees show ing signs of being diseased among the branches and upper part of the stem, would do well to examine the stock op-on which they are worked before they

mote the happiness of those around you; in the readiness to sacrifice your own case and comfort, to add to the enjoyment of others.

During an examination, a medical see if the cause is not there, for nothing will do the grower of trees more good than to investigate. But enough for the present. We may show up some other humbugs next time.

Deboted to Agriculture, Mechanics, Arts, News, and General Literature

J. W. ROBERTS, Editor and Proprietor.

OSKALOOSA, KANSAS, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1860.

THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, IN Ackaloosa, Jefferson County, Kansas.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Business Cards.

W. N. ALLEN ATTORNEY AT LAW, OSKALOOSA, KANSAS.

J. L. SPEER, ROCK CREEK TOWNSHIP.

S. W. JOHNSTON, S. A STINSON, E. F. BAVEER JOHNSTON, STINSON & HAVENS Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. (Office corner Main and Delaware Sts.) LEAVEN WORTH CITY, KANSAS.

> JAMES L. CARTER. -DEALER IN-

DRUGS, BOOKS, & STATIONERY PERFUMERY, PAINTS, OILS,

DYE-STUPPS, &O., &O., Commercial Street between Second & Third ATCHISON, KANSAS.

FORWARDING MERCHANT,

LEVEE.

E. B. JOHNSON, M. D., PHYICIAN AND SURGEON. Office on west side of Square, in the effice for-merty occupied by Dr. A. J. Pierce. Residence corner of Liberry and Herkimer sta., Oskalousa. Jefferson County, K. T. 6-tf.

JOSEPH COOHRANE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. OSKALOOSA, KANSAS.

JAMES M'CAHON. ATTTORNEY-AT-LAW. Leavenworth, Kansas.

Will practice in the District Courts of Jefferson and Jackson Counties. 31f

PRICE & STEVENSON. ATTORNEYS-AT-LAJ

MATES OF TREESES.

OSKALODSA, KANSASI TE

Sebect Boetry.

From the Mami Visitor. UNDER THE WILLOW.

BY ARTHUR L. MESSEVE. Do you remember the evening, love. nd listened to the music the waters gave

Up from the cell Of the p arly shell, Whose tinkling bell Gave a solemn knell

I know you oft think of that night, love, As you lay your head on the pillow-Of the vows I breathed in your willing ear, And the kiss that stole softly the falling tear As I said, "be mine;

Which I heard there under the willow How often I think of that night, love, As eve looks in on my pillow, Rre hope's bright blossoms were yellow an And the world se fair [ser Had never a care

Aistorical Sketches.

A Revolutionary Sketch.

BY GEORGE MARTIAL.

"It was past midnight of the thirteenth of August," commenced my grandmother, but though the river was in front of us, and the forest stretched for miles behind us, and away to the right and left, I could not eatch even the sight of a leaf, or the ripple of the water, so sultry and heavy brooded the

darkness around us. not help fearing lest some evil had happened to my parents, who were still in

of fancies teased my brain. My room, like all the others, was large, and furnished in the style that now seems so quaint to your young eyes.

step along the hall, and cousin Grace

coming, and father wants us all down

As for his sons, they were like him ley, with a gleam of stern satisfaction ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

GENERAL LAND AGENT.

Consider Jefferson Co., Earness.

One south side of Public Square, next door 2.1y

windows, and burred the neary doors. agonising tone.

Most men's employments are chiefly without them, but our main and worlisten to me. I am your father, your in a luming frock, and so bronzed as to if we don't eat our breakfast now, those make it almost doubtful if he were issitudes of affairs without good purpose of the chiefly without them, but our main and worlisten to me. I am your father, your intention, a medical without them, but our main and worlisten to me. I am your father, your intention, a medical without them, but our main and worlisten to me. I am your father, that poor lame body in a luming frock, and so bronzed as to it without them, but our main and worlisten to me. I am your father, your intention, a medical without them, but our main and worlisten to me. I am your father, your intention, a medical without them, but our main and worlisten to me. I am your father, your intention, a medical without them, but our main and worlisten to me. I am your father, your intention, a medical without them, but our main and worlisten to me. I am your father, your intention, a medical without them, but our main and worlisten to me. I am your father, your intention, a medical without them, but our main and worlisten to me. I am your father, your intention, a medical without them, but our main and worlisten to me. I am your father, your intention, a medical without them, but our main and worlisten to me. I am your father, your intention of the provided the chiefly without them, but our main and worlisten to me. I am your father, your intention of the provided the chiefly without them, but our main and worling them.

It is a shame to route every doors.

As soon as the breath does mortification on the provided the chiefly without them, but our main and worling them.

When you pop the question, when the provided the chiefly without them, but our main and worling them.

to start for the camp to-day; and if we but keep the rascals at bay till they A fierce yell, and harmless volley come, we may give them as good a peppering as they deserve."

strongly built, that it was doubtful if they could either raze or fire it. But who knew what else might happen? How many of that fair family would gather around the board to-morrow morning? Ab! children, it was a dreadful day; but I think the hour before the attack was the worst of all.

could est much breakfast; but harried as the meal was, it was hardly over when one of the boys whom Mr. Oak. ley had posted at the lookout called out that they were coming, and stealing was one of danger; but there was no along the woods at the right, as if they time to lose, and chairs, some, and tables, hoped to surprise us.

outwardly calm, motioned to us to fol burning wood, and the smoke that filled low, and hand out the powder. Then the hall, now grew almost intolerant.

in a low voice, "and tell us what the take good aim. A portion of the door knaves are about." fell in. Mr. Oakley raised his rifle, and knaves are about."

er, it's Walter Van Cuyier."

and, on his rejection by her, had gone away, avowing vengeance on the whole

The words were drowned in a series of thundering knocks.

Mr Oakley went to Simeon's window, and asked:

"Walter Van Cuyler." "What do you want ?" "Food, rest and shelter. Brant's

men are close on my track. Let me in quickly." The sharp crack of a rifle, and

dark forms rushed forward, brandishing

Within the house was perfect silence, broken only by the low "now, boys" of thundering on—tramping the cowardly Mr. Oakley, and the roar of the six wretches down under the horses' hoofs' best rifles in the country.

hailstones about the widows, cut short side the door: "Helen! Helen!" his words. Mr. Oakley picked up some I was up in a moment, and out to that fell harmless to the floor, and where she stood, looking like a spirit, laughed.

fright, I saw that she was already dres- the better, for we have none too many. Another flash and roar, and again the

A dead silence ensued. "They're cowed, father - they're

stalwart sons—men not easily daunted Mrs. Oakley sprang forward, and —tooked pale, as they moved about in threw herself on his body. The fair the dim morning light.

younder; and you may see there that he down, and struck with a heavy "thud" looks as he was—a kindly and noble against the ground.
"He's silenced!" exclaimed Mr. Oak-

little window.

As Mr. Oakley rushed forward, he drew the hunting knife that he wore in "No doubt, pussy; but I've sent for his belt; but seizing the sharp edge in him. You Yost, the half-witted lad his bare hands, the infuriated father that brought the news, has gone on af ter him and the volunteers, who were strength, and plunged it up to the hilt in his breast.

from those in ambush, received his new defeat, and then came another of those ominous pauses. "What can they be about," muttered

Simeon, who was again at the look-out. "They surely can't dream of firing the "The door, the door !" gasped Grace. "Right!" exclaimed the father .-

"The girl has more wit than us all. We must barricade the hall. "Never mind the shutters," said Mrs. Oakley, who had regaind her marble like composure. "We will bar them," and she began to draw the bolts.

Mr. Oakley besitated, for the task was one of danger; but there was no oped to surprise us. were piled up at a short distance from the door, in what was really a formidrifles to the windows of the second able barricade, guarded, as it was by story, while Mrs. Oakley, pale but still those unerring rifles. The smell of the Mr. Oakley placed us on the staircase, "Look out, Simeon," said the father, and exhorted his sons to stand close and "Posting themselves around the Walter Van Cuyler who was the first to house, but under cover. They think spring in, staggered back with a groan.

to catch us napping. There's a man The others swarmed in like bees, but a coming this way now-he-why, fath- second and a third of those deadly vollevs brought them to a stand. No man We all start. The meaning of this cared to expose himself to such cer-Mr. Oakley turned impetuously to

"Give 'em another, boys; we'll beat 'em off yet;" but a mute shake of the head was their only answer. The pow "The traitor;" muttered Mr. Oakley. der was exhauted. For a moment, It is he, then, that has brought down deadly pallor overspread his face; the

will sell our lives as dearly as possible." shouted a man, who, with a half a doz-

A fierce yell arose from behind the strangled sob, he threw himself head-

their weapons and firing at random, devil himself!" shouted a dozen voices, while as many more hovered on the out-

-came Mark Warner, with his light "Six down! A man for each bullet! horse troop. In an instant, all was con-ood!" said the exulting voice of Mr. fusion. No one thought of anything

Then burst all the emotions so long pent up. Father and sons threw themselves into one another's arms. Grace fainted; and Mrs. Oakley's stony com-

Ours was a joyful, and yet a sac house that night - for though we had been delivered, as it were from the very jaws of death, yet the bodies of our dead were with us. Ah, children! children I those times were sad timestrying time! There was a wedding afterward, between Mark and Grace and I danced as merrily as any of them; but poor Mrs. Oakley wore mourning to the end of her days, and the last fected, my grandmother took off her spectacles and wiped her eyes.

mankind, teaches me to look upon their miserable couch, he saw a ngure that family wept around the little coffin, as they errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that sinned and suffered, and represent to form, its eyes blazed, yet there was a with his brother, his father, and his ing significant. myself the struggles and temptations it mild beauty in them every time they dear angel mother. oy; the feverish inquietude of hope and "Little one, I am your father," said the form in melting accents.

est, and when no human means of help appear.

Most mon's employments

Pictures of Life.

The Little Bound Boy's Dream.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

A little fair-haired child laid its pa heek against a pillow of straw. It toiled up three pair of stairs to

lighten the room, if such it might be called; still that was not so bad, for the beautiful round moon smiled in upon the poor bound boy, and almost kissed his forehead, as his sad eyes closed his forehead, as his sad eyes closed sight over all.

heavenly home."

Once more the child was left alone, gives a bad appearance to the tree it is above the ground.

Hany other varieties are used brilliants, and the same soft mysterious sight over all.

shining crystals, and the shild raised himself upon his elbow, and gazed with a half fearing, delighted look upon the glorious spectacle.

In a moment what emotions swelled the bosom of the lonely boy. He tho't of her cherished tenderness to him long tent, and thousands of this worthless tent, and thousands of the tent, and thousands of the tent, and thousands of the tent, and thousands tent,

quickly, but he found time to murmur glorious being! her eyes were like the locality? We do not think no

"Look up, be not afraid," said a sweet your gold; but there was that in her face tree on peach roots, if he knew it. The voice that sounded like the harps of that none other might so truly know. Heaven; "look up, darling—I am your brother Willie, sent down from the an-brother, if the second was that purpose, under any circumstances, gels to speak with you and tell you to bear all your sorrow patiently, for you will soon be with us."

risen was his brother, if the second was that purpose, and his father, but not once did he doubt or any place. Why is it meeting the second was the purpose, and will soon be with us."

"Come on; their powder is out!" chips. But your face is quite too handwould a man, who, with a half a dozhouted a man, who, with a half a dozworld fire powder; and there is no ugly
world like you; ... o one
kisses me now, no one loves me; oh,
plum. We know of one firm that has
mother, mother, let me come," and the
world like you; ... o one
world li

"Come on; their powder is out" shouted a man, who, with a half a dozen others, had succeeded in scrambling over the barricade, and was making his way towards the little group.

"You'd better be careful. Our women have their knitting-nedles yet, retorted Mr. Oakley, derisively.

"We'll take care of you and the women both," returned the ruffinn, aiming a blow at Simeon, that brought him to the ground.

"A pasm contorted Mr. Oakley's stern features for a moment; and then with a strangled sob, he jhrew himself head long on his assailants.

"Kill him—cut him down—he's the devil himself!" shouted a dozen voices, but at this moment arose another and far different cry:

"The rebels—they are on us! as fundering on—tranping the cowardy x wretches down under the horses' hoofs"—came Mark Warner, with his light horse twen. In an animan all wax on—her as mile of aflable sweetness; "you have a smile of aflable sweetness; "you have been brook that with moment and then with a strangled sob, he here was changed very much, and I grew tall and straight; wretches down under the horses' hoofs —came Mark Warner, with his light horse twen. In an animan all wax on—her as mile of aflable sweetness; "you have larged and the son with the same on the same of the proposed of the communes with your soul; but when you get their ham and the horse was changed very much, and I grew tall and straight; and if that is a consolation, know that thy immortal mother often horse was the with a same on their ham and the horse was changed very much, and I grew tall and straight; and if that is a consolation, know that thy immortal mother often communes with your soul. And further thoughts make was the with a same of a same of the proposed and the work was consolation. In an instant all wax con—her the careful. Our work men the retire in an Uniter, mother, let me come," and the tother come, while the honest war, who with the tallish mot tents rained down his cheeks.

"My orphan child," she said, in low to the tents rained dwn him to the heart with the trai

learned how to read ?"

Yes, a little." "Well, to morrow get your Bible, mured the boy, springing from his bed, and find very reverently—for it is God's and striving to leap towards her. The

angel's face as ne repti d, "the more taunt or chide him.

You forgive, the nearer you will be to He told his dream; and the hard

of the world and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their miserable couch, he saw a figure that family wept around the little coffin, as

shoes in a little dark room." "And what clse ?"

shining angels, hosts of them bore me up to heaven and the King of that glo-rious place clothed me in these robes, rious place clothed me in these robes, white and stainless; and gave me this tall, beautiful body, which shall never feel corruption. And this was the reason, dear little orphan, because I leved Him, and my chief delight was in praying to Him, and talking about Him, and although I was very poor, I tried to be honest, and many times went hungry rather than do wrong.

"And you, you never forgot to say true, are less liable to describe them."

gain its miserable garret, for it was a little "bound child," that had neither father or mother; no soft bed awaited its tired limbs, but a miserable pallet with one thin coverlid.

It had neither lamp nor candle to shall soon be with me in my sweet shall so the same at the most as possible to say your little prayers that I taught you other atock. It sheald lie had neither lamp nor candle to shall soon be with me in my sweet this stock that they grow over this stock that they grow over the ments, and trust in Him always, you many varieties grow so much it had neither lamp nor candle to shall soon be with me in my sweet this stock that they grow over the ments are the most as possible to say your little prayers that I taught you other atock. It sheald lie had neither than do wrong.

"And you, you never forgot to say the age of the same than the

er, thou shalt soon be with me." "Oh! mother, mother, mother," mur most holy book - these words of the keen air chilled him, he looked eagerly in this climate, but in many parts of Lord Jesus: 'But I say unto you, love around - there was no light, solemn your enemies; bless them that curse stillness reigned, the radiance, the raft-you, do good unto them that hate you, ers of gold, the silver beams, the music, you, do good unto them that hate you. and pray for them that despitefully use and persecute you.'

"Do all these, and you shall be the oh! what a drawn how strangthening; but all the cultivated cherries. As it is on-

terward, between Mark and Grace and I danced as merrily as any of them; but poor Mrs. Oakley were mourning to the end of her days, and the last words on her lips were the names of her murdered sons. And, greatly affected, my grandmother took off her spectacles and wiped her eyes.

ERRORS.—The little that I have seen the former fell upon his ear. This time the words and know of the history of the word and know of the history of the was not afraid, but setting up in his to keaven, the whole of the word of the word and know of the history of the was not afraid, but setting up in his deed, take him to heaven, the whole of the word of the history of the word and know of the history of the was not afraid, but setting up in his

ioy; the feverish inquietude of hope and joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose, the descrition of friends; the scorn of the world, that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; the health gone; happiness gone; I in; health gone; happiness gone; I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hands fellow man with Him from whose hands tellow man with Him from whose hands father used to stoop over, and wear a father used to stoop over, and put patches on but in silence and honest desires to profer the cause. They may be an apple of the soul in silence and honest desires to profer the cause. They may be an apple of the soul in silence and honest desires to profer the cause. They may be an apple of the soul in silence and honest desires to profer the cause. They may be an apple of the soul in silence and honest desires to profer the cause. They may be an apple of the soul in silence and honest desires to profer the cause. They may be an apple of the soul in silence and honest desires to profer the cause. TRUE POLITENESS.—He who has a

As we rested under the willow?

Gently 'round me twine;" "/ am ever thine!"

For the happy pair On the old rocks under the willow.

TWO HOUR'S SIEGE.

I had not been in the best of spirits that day, for it was the time when we this swarm of hornets. What is he do next, his voice rang out, clear and firm look as ever:

bombardment of New York, and though "He has been trying the windows, to "Close up! Draw your knives! We in the house of Thomas Oakley, first see if they are fastened. Now he is at cousin to my father, I had nothing to the door, fear, there had hung over me such a terror and dread that day, that I could

As usual with the sleepless, all sorts

The chimney piece was tiled with porcelain, curiously wrought into illustrations of Scripture. The bed and answer. furniture, that had all been brought from England, was tall, dark, stiff and carved; while the walls were hung with sombre family portraits. And as I lay and wished for day, the tiled figures Commission, Storage, seemed to move and glower at me in the uncertain light that came through the loophole of a window; while I thought the eyes of the portraits were, one and all, fixed on me with a solemn and warning stare; and so it happened, that I had heard the old clock strike

> called in a strange, scared voice, out-side the door: "Helen! Helen!" with her ashy face; and fair hair all

ed, and held in her hand a powder Now, boys." "Put on your clothes as quick as you can, Nellie," said she, in a voice that "Fire steady, boys, and trembled a little, though she was doing aim. Don't waste power." her best to be calm. Brant's men are

"Brant's men !" It is difficult to Simeon. power of those merciless savages. No sharp cry, Reuben, the eldest, leaped wonder that I trembled in every limb, three feet up in the air, and fell forward or that Thomas Oakley and his five on his face—stone dead.

before of Thomas Oakley, a man over the window, and beded itself deep in six feet in height, and of a noble pre-sence, with a grand face, that looked as if it might have been chiseled out of Oakley. "I saw the gleam of a rifle

all strong-limited, fearless. and de- shooting across his face. "But I see voudy attached to their stately mother, none of the rest. Where are they hid-who was preparing breakfast, while they ing?"

fastened the iron shutters of the lower

"Father, father!" called Grace in an appear.

it at all; and to my mind, after a good an adjoining tree on to the ba'cony, and cause, there's nothing like a good break- was trying to force himself through the

fast before going into a fight."
"I wish Mark was here," said Grace,

The house was of stone, and so

It was not to be expected that we

adden attack was clear enough now tain death. Van Cuyler had been a professed patriot and a warm admirer of Grace; his sons.

"Who knocks below there ?"

words liar and hypocrite were his haystacks and out buildings, as twenty long on his assailants.

skirts of the wood.

Good !" said the exulting voice of Mr. one, two and three, and was just falling Oakley. "The powder, girls, and we'll but flight; and the enraged Americans off into a dose, when there came a light give 'em another." A shower of bullets, that rattled like

"The serpents are kinder than I about her; and remember the thrill of thought. They are going to keep us in astonishment with which, spite of my builets as well as exercise. So much

voice of Mr. Oakley:
"Fire steady, boys, and take good

sneaking off to cover" - exclaimed make you understand the horror with "Not they! They're only contriv which that name was pronounced and ing some new deviltry. John and heard; or to express the terror with Matthew, round with you to the back of which, as I hurried on my clothes, I the house. Grace-my God! Where thought of Grace and myself in the did that shot come from?" as with a

the dim morning light. haired eldest boy was her darling.—
I don't know as I have spoken to you Another shot came crashing through

marble, and hair as white as anow, though stock among the leaves."

he was scarcely past his prime. We A third shot, whizzing so close past have no such man, new-a-days. I us to make us start back; and then our have his portrait in my little cabinet rifles answered, and a dark body fell

SATINGS OF OLD WRITERS .- Cleave